

DYNAMITE TRIO

By GEORGE T. PARDY

A True Story Unrevealed for Years.

TALL, dark and forbidding, on the banks of the St. Lawrence river loom the massive stone walls of Kingston penitentiary where the desperate criminals and all long term convicts of the Province of Ontario, Canada, are confined. Within its gloomy precincts, occupying separate cells, are three men whose sentences are for life. English law, just but merciless, has seized them in its iron grip, a grip never to be relaxed until the angel of death strikes the fetters from the limbs of the prisoners.

The crime for which these three men are undergoing expiation was no ordinary one. It involved a conspiracy against the British government by which, through the use of dynamite, a reign of terror was to be inaugurated throughout Canada, and thousands of innocent lives sacrificed. The intervention of fate, Providence—call it what you will—prevented the outrage from being successful, but the failure of the plot was not owing to any lack of zeal on the part of the human instruments employed to carry out the design. To Detective John Wilson Murray is due the credit of having gathered together the evidence which shed light on the past careers of the "dynamite trio." Evidence which proved them to be outside the rank of ordinary criminals who execute desperate deeds in the hope of financial gain, placed them in the category of men who would willingly wade through seas of blood to accomplish their political aims.

At seven o'clock on the evening of April 21, 1900, the little Canadian town of Thorold, lying along the waterway of the Welland canal, within easy walking distance of the Niagara frontier, was shaken to its foundation by two terrific explosions.

Masses of solid rock were torn up by the shock, immense spouts of water leaped high in the air, window panes were shattered into minute crystals and for a few awful seconds the firm earth trembled as though in the throes of an earthquake. For miles around the people, terror-stricken and amazed, waited dumbly for the aftermath, a descent of death and destruction, which would sweep them and their homes into the black chaos of oblivion. But it did not come, the blind rods of chance had averted a calamity almost too horrible to contemplate.

One of the eye-witnesses of the explosion was Miss Euphemia Constable, a 16-year-old girl who lived with her parents about 300 yards from the lock No. 24. She was going to see a friend across the canal about 6:20 o'clock, and when nearing the bridge, which is by the lock, caught sight of two men.

Then came the thunderous roar of the first exploding charge. After the first shock Miss Constable lost consciousness and knew nothing of the second explosion. Both of the valises lowered into the lock contained dynamite. They were fired by fuses and the explosions were not quite simultaneous. They broke the castings on the head gate, tore up the banks on both sides of the lock, knocked people over who were sufficiently near, smashed windows and shook the country roundabout. Water surged upward in huge volumes, but the gates held. The dynamites had blundered by lowering the dynamite into the gate pits instead of into the gate holes. Experts later showed that there was not sufficient resistance to the explosive matter, and this fact alone prevented the dire disaster that would have followed if the dynamite had done the work planned for it and had smashed the gates.

A third man who had been seen around with them before the explosion, and who was staying at the Rosell house, at the falls, was also arrested. The third suspect gave his name as Karl Dallman, and the two men first secured declared themselves to be John Nolin and John Walsh. The three prisoners were taken to Welland jail and guarded by soldiers, while other soldiers patrolled the canal. Murray, who had been sent for immediately after the explosion, arrived on the scene and hastened to the jail.

He communicated at once with Scotland Yard and sent descriptions and photographs of the prisoners to the police of London, England. Nolin and Walsh seemed unmistakably to be from across the sea, and Walsh had particularly the manner and speech of a man just over. In search of information regarding the movements of the men on this continent he visited New York and saw friends there, both in and out of the police business. He also made journeys to Philadelphia, Washington, Virginia and other points



whither the trail led. The results of his persistent quest were as follows: In the year 1894 three young men set sail for America. They were John Nolin, a young machinist, John Rowan, a mechanic, and John Merna, a mechanic. They arrived in New York and on May 17, 1894, Merna declared his intention of becoming a citizen of the United States, took out his first papers and gave his residence as No. 41 Peck slip, New York. Nolin went to Philadelphia.

The four Johns, after spending a few days in Philadelphia, went to New York. They stopped at the lodging house of John M. Kerr, 45 Peck slip, and hung about New York until December, 1899, when Rowan returned to Ireland, and went to work at his trade in Dublin. Nolin and Walsh applied to the South Brooklyn branch of the Amalgamated Society of Machinists for donation money, which amounts to \$3 per week for those out of work, and the request was complied with by John A. Shearman, secretary of the society, who worked in the Pioneer Machine works in Brooklyn. In the latter part of this month Nolin, Walsh and Merna went to Washington, D. C. Nolin remained there a short time and then went to Richmond, Va., where he obtained a job as fitter in a foundry.

On Christmas day, 1899, Merna went to work as bartender in a Washington saloon, at 212 Ninth street, of which Joseph McEnerney was proprietor, and on January 1 Walsh was given a similar position in the same saloon. They relieved each other at the bar and shared a room together over the saloon. They worked as bartenders for McEnerney through January and February and along into March, while Nolin stayed on in the Richmond foundry. Early in March Karl Dallman had registered at the Stafford house, in Buffalo, and had then gone away.

Somewhere about April 10, 1900, Nolin received a communication from a lodge to which he belonged, known in secret circles as the Napper Tandy club. It was a Clan-na-Gael organization and the members met at Tom Moore's hall, corner of Third avenue and Sixteenth street, in New York. Nolin and Walsh were both affiliated

with this club, having been introduced into it by a man named Jack Hand, a sailor. Nolin's instructions, sent to him in Richmond, were to go to Washington, get John Walsh, and go with him to Philadelphia, where, at the Philadelphia & Reading railroad station, at 7 p. m. on Saturday, April 14, they would meet a third man who would give them further instructions. Nolin obeyed the summons promptly and hastened to Washington from where, accompanied by Walsh, he went to Philadelphia as instructed. As they stood in the station at the appointed time a well-dressed, stout man came up and accosted them. Their replies gave satisfactory answers to the stranger said: "I am the man you want to see," and engaged them in earnest conversation.

At the conclusion of their talk the stout man handed \$100 to Nolin, with two railroad tickets and sleeping car coupons from Philadelphia to Buffalo, over the Lehigh Valley railroad. He then left them and Nolin and Walsh took the Lehigh Valley train for Buffalo. They arrived in the latter city at noon on April 15, went direct to the Stafford house and registered as John Smith of New York and Thomas Moore of Washington. They were assigned to room 88, and immediately ordered up drinks. While waiting for the refreshments there was a knock at the door, and Dallman stepped into the apartment. He introduced himself and a satisfactory understanding was reached between the trio. Dallman told them to prepare for an early start next day, and after breakfast on the following morning, April 16, he gave to Nolin and Walsh two canvas grips, or telescopes.

In each of these grips were about 80 pounds of dynamite, mixed to the consistency of stiff dough. Fuses were with each cake, lying on top, but unattached. It was shortly after this that the near-catastrophe occurred.

Karl Dallman, the arch plotter in the conspiracy, turned out to be an even more picturesque character than Murray had suspected before commencing his investigations. For, following up one clue after the other, the detective became aware that the so-called Dallman of Trenton, New Jersey, was none other than Luke Dillon of Philadelphia, who had figured prominently in the world-famous Cronin case. Dillon was a member of the executive committee of the Clan-na-Gael, and defended that organization

and publicly championed it, achieving more than national notoriety when, in his official capacity, he went to Chicago at the time of the murder of Dr. Cronin. At that time he denounced Alexander Sullivan, raised funds for the prosecution of those accused of Cronin's murder; advocated the throwing off of the oath of secrecy, so far as necessary to run down the assassins, went on the witness stand, and by his testimony revealed the secret of the Triangle, the chief three who had ruled as the executive of the Clan-na-Gael; made public the charges against Sullivan and fought throughout on the side of the anti-Sullivan wing. The identification was made absolute and final. Men who knew Luke Dillon, who had worked day by day near him, visited Karl Dallman and identified him positively as the former high official of the Clan-na-Gael.

But above all Murray's careful, unerring tracing of the chief suspect's career convinced the Canadian government that Dallman and Dillon were one. Originally Dillon was a shoemaker. In 1881 he was working at his trade at 639 Paul street, Philadelphia.

The members of the dynamite trio were brought up for trial on May 25, 1900. With the mass of damning evidence accumulated by Murray's patient efforts and submitted to the court, there could be but one result. As the clock struck six on the evening of May 26, the jury retired to consider the verdict. Four minutes later they re-entered court and the three prisoners were declared guilty. The dynamites were sentenced to imprisonment for life and taken to Kingston penitentiary.

For two years after the trio entered upon their prison life the general public knew nothing of the identity of Karl Dallman. Then a Buffalo paper made known the fact, telling of his connection with the Cronin affair. The story was denied by some of Dillon's friends, who asserted that he had been killed during the South African war while fighting with the Boer army against the British. But the real truth is that the once famous leader of the Clan-na-Gael is buried alive within the walls of Kingston penitentiary.

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AND THE LAUGH ON GRINNER.

Things Came So That the Humor Faded Far Away.

"Ha-ha-ha! Certainly is funny to observe fat old parties pursuing their bonnets!"

Young Grinner is a humorist. He stood on a downtown street corner and watched the autumn breezes running away with men's hats. The wind, however, blows off whatsoever hat it listeth. At the funniest part of watching the funniest old gentleman, the wind got hold of Grinner's own cranium protector and started off up street with it. The hat traveled along nicely on its brim and came close to surpassing the speed limit.

"Laugh, you 'lobsters,'" observed Grinner to a little chorus of smilers who held on to their derby brims with all hands. He couldn't see anything funny in it. Walking stealthily toward his hat, which was playing possum in the gutter, just as his hand was within two and five eighths inches of it the hat got up, snorted once and resumed its travels.

"—!!—!!" remarked Grinner, or words to that effect. Then throwing dignity to the winds Grinner put on the high speed and lit out after the lid, which now became possessed of devilish cunning.

It dodged crossing policemen and managed to be kicked only by persons who meant to set their feet on it. At one time, just as its relentless pursuer was upon it, the hat stopped short and Grinner ran over it. When he had circled around to regain his advantage the hat sprang to its feet and with a wild cry sped onward.

"—!!—!!" repeated Grinner with even more force.

The hat had been so successful that it finally became careless. It would roll on its brim awhile and then it would roll sideways. He came within an ace of slipping up on it with his hands and knees at the next corner, but it again evaded. (For Grinner's remarks see above.) Then the victim fell back on cunning.

"I'll fix you," he hissed between his teeth. Stopping short, he began observing the scenery along the street—the hat watched him warily. Then, with his hands in his pockets, the man sauntered carelessly by, watching the hat from the corner of his eye. With a quick spring he was upon it with both feet—and caught it! As he started back he held the disfigured hat as though he had something by the neck.—Kansas City Times.

European Soldiers in China.

An odd picture, entitled "A Congress of Nations," was received a few days ago from China. It shows nine soldiers, all enlisted men, representing eight countries whose troops are stationed in China. The tallest man at the left of the line is an English cavalryman, wearing the African field uniform; then comes a United States soldier in full winter outfit, and next to him, nearly as tall as the other two, a Russian marine. Fourth in line is a turbaned Indian, and then comes a German of the mounted infantry corps. The French representative stands next in line, in field uniform, with knapsack and blanket strapped to his back, and next to him a German marine. The eighth in line is an Italian, wearing the slouch hat with bushy plumes, and the last, the smallest in stature, is a Japanese infantryman. All except the Indian, Frenchman and Italian stand at attention and seem to feel the importance of the part they are playing in the far-away country.

Sullivan's Best Compliment.

When Sir Arthur Sullivan of Gilbert & Sullivan fame, was traveling in the western states a man rushed up to him and, grasping his hand, said: "Say, by golly! I'm mighty glad to meet you! When I heard you was a comin', I couldn't wait, hardly. But, say, you ain't very big, are you? How much do you weigh?"

"About a hundred and fifty pounds," answered the astonished composer.

"Then how on earth did you come to knock out Ryan?"

"I never knocked out any Ryan. What do you mean?"

"Ain't you John L. Sullivan?"

"No, I'm Arthur Sullivan."

The man stood dazed for a few minutes, and then a smile spread over his rough features. "Are you the feller what put 'Pinafore' together? Well, then, I'm mighty glad to meet you just the same."

Sir Arthur counted this as one of his greatest compliments.—The Sunday Magazine.

Making and Spending.

"You see that dapper little fellow?" asked the Second Avenue wine merchant. "He is the finest money maker you ever saw. He has a dental parlor just across the way and is raking in the coin. And do you think he lives on Second avenue? I should think not. He has a big fine stone house on Riverside drive. His three sisters have just come home from a fine girls' school in Philadelphia. He is going to marry them off now. He and his father have made money enough to buy Riverside husbands for them. His father makes coats and aprons for the East side hospitals. That's how he has made his money. Oh, yes. They make their money on the East side, but they don't always spend it here."—New York Press.

Hardly Charitable.

"Don't you think Miss Flirt's eyebrows in their raven symmetry are rather suspicious?"

"Now, do you know, I don't think they are as black as they are painted?"



RAILROAD MEN AND DRINK.

Move Towards Total Abstinence Has Been Steady.

The temperance movement in the United States proceeds by fits and starts, but in one particular field the progress of real temperance—habits of self-control—has been constant. That field is modern industry, and especially the railroad business. The most important step in the control of habit in relation to drink had its real beginning in the railroad business. It has now been many years since the Pennsylvania railroad informed its employees that a worker should not use alcoholic stimulants while on duty, and it is well known that neither an engineer nor any other member of the operating force of a railroad will now long retain his position if he drinks when not on duty. Nor is that all. It is extremely difficult to obtain employment in the first instance on either the Pennsylvania or the Reading or on any other important railroad in the United States if the applicant is a drinking man. The fact that a man receives an appointment on a railroad raises a strong presumption that he is sober, temperate, or an abstainer; the retention of his position is pretty good evidence as to his habits. Employees have long since learned that the price of retaining a position on a railroad is temperance, and the railroads exercise more and more care in that direction. The steady pressure from this source, says the Saturday Public Ledger, has been one of the great influences against intemperate habits. The work thus begun by the railroads has been extended to great varieties of industry and trade, which, under the stress of modern competition, demand the kind of efficiency that positively forbids the immoderate use of liquor or any excesses or habits calculated to impair the intellectual and physical energy of the workers. This pressure exerted by business is one of the brightest aspects of the high degree of tension in our eager, aggressive and exhausting life.

A FATAL DISEASE.

Strong Medical Opinion on the Inebriety Problem.

The Mississippi Valley Medical association concluded its annual convention at Louisville, Ky., recently. An interesting paper on the final session was that of Dr. T. D. Crothers, superintendent of the Walnut Lodge hospital, at Hartford, and one of the most distinguished medical experts in America.

The doctor contended that inebriety was a far more fatal disease than consumption, and was more widely spread. The so-called moderate use of spirits, by diminishing the vitality and lowering the resisting power of nature, he said, was an active cause of consumption and typhoid fever, and was accountable for over 80 per cent. of all cases of pneumonia. In fact, there was no disease known and no surgical operation performed that was not influenced and made worse by spirits. The whole alcoholic problem, he continued, was a physical one, the result of disease, controlled by laws which move with the same exactness and certainty as any other operation in nature.

The present efforts of laymen and societies to correct and prevent this evil as a moral one, he stated, was a sad reflection on the stupidity of the medical profession. They are particularly trained to understand the phenomena and the import of the alcoholic problem, and yet as a class they have practically ignored it and left the subject to enthusiastic reformers, with equal propriety and sense. The medical profession in the near future will be the teachers and leaders of the campaign against alcohol. There is something, he stated, in the absurdity of reform movements without the aid of a physician or without his leadership. It is still more startling to assume that the terrible evils from alcohol are to be explained as moral lapses and may be cured by merely moral means.

Temperance Progress in the Indian Army.

The annual meeting of the governing council of the Royal Army Temperance association was held lately at the army headquarters, Simla, under the presidency of Lord Kitchener. The report for the year was considered to be most satisfactory. The increase of membership was 2,360. This was considered to be in part due to the assistance which the association gives its members to find employment when they return to civil life, to the class of young soldiers coming out to India, and also to the spirit in which the organization of the association is carried on. It is estimated that over 40 per cent. of the British troops in India are total abstainers. This is a good record, but from even the low standpoint of military efficiency it would be vastly better if the whole army were enrolled in the total abstinence ranks.

Reform in China.

The International Reform bureau opened its great anti-opium conference in Shanghai on January 1, 1909. Rev. E. W. Thwing toured the country for the bureau, addressing the people in their own language and distributing millions of pamphlets and tracts.